

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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"Oh Leave me, Leave me And Ask me Not Why!"

They were lovers. He, tall and stately, with eyes that could blaze with the fire of manly courage or soften till they beamed with liquid lustre when touched with the torch of love.

She, a timid, trusting girl, with the face of Peri, with a lithe and graceful figure that seemed but too frail to battle with the cares of life.

They had been walking together down a shady lane whose sides seemed a bowler fit for such a queen as she, and while the wild roses made the air heavy with their intoxicating fragrance, they had talked of love, love which was now their only dream of happiness.

At the rustic stile he had crossed, and holding his arms outstretched he had lifted her down, she springing like a frightened fawn and then as he started on, he simply said, "Come Amphitrite."

No answer; no hand in his; no velvet step by his side and in wonder he turned. There she stood, close to the stile, and on her face, instead of the trusting look of love, was a look of wild terror.

"What! darling, what is this?" Will you not come to the one who loves you?" cried Percy, a cold chill, as if some undefined horror, surging up in his heart.

"Oh, leave me, leave me!" she cried, sinking down and clinging still more closely to the fence.

"Leave you darling? Oh, no; I can not. I will not. What means this sudden change? But a moment ago you loved me, and now you bid me go and without one word of explanation."

"Oh, Percy, I can not explain. Oh, leave me and ask me not why," and she repeated the fair young form.

"And am I thus to be driven from you, thus cast aside as the child casts aside a toy? Have you nothing to say in extenuation of this conduct?"

"Nothing. Oh, leave me. At some future—"

"No, false girl. Now or never!" and the dark eyes flashed with intense passion.

"Then go," was all she said.

Percy stood but a moment with his arms folded across the broad chest that heaved with passion. "I could not have thought it of one so guileless. Oh, woman, woman, you have much to answer for," and then turning scornfully on his heel he strode away in the gathering twilight.

"Oh, if I only could have explained," moaned Amphitrite, as the bitter tears flowed fast through her clenched fingers, "but I could not," and she fell with a dull thud, fainting to the earth.

You see, she struck the ground too hard when she jumped over the stile, and she split her. Jerry, from the stump clear to the waist. And she didn't want Percy to see that she had on her week-day corset.

MORAL.—Always examine the seams of a ready-made Jersey before you put it on.—[Evansville Argus.]

It is proposed, by certain ex-Confederate and ex-Federal soldiers to hold at Murfreesboro, Tenn., a National Reunion of the forces of the Federal and Confederate armies who participated in the great battle of Stone River December 31, 1862. Distinguished leaders of the two armies, with thousands of the gallant rank and file, who wrote that bloody and desperate page in the history of the war, will be present, and amid its own peaceful scenes, and by the sides of the graves that tell the story of American valor on that day, they will emphasize the real presence of peace and unity and happiness, and shame, by their fraternal greetings, the selfish politician who would have us think the war not yet closed.

Soldiers of the North and of the South will be heard; Henry Stanton, Kentucky's rarest poet, will embody in verse the grand deeds of American soldiery, and in every detail the programme will be so arranged as to render the occasion memorable. The reunion will continue during Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 27, 28 and 29.—[Courier Journal.]

Frank Forsaker, the defeated candidate for governor of Ohio, had a superstitious dread of the 9th day of October. He told a friend only last week that he had great faith and believed he would be elected but for the fact that the election came on the 9th of October. On this day, when a child he fell from a walnut tree and broke his shoulder blade; on the same date, while a young man, he lost \$100 on three card monte; on the 9th of October, while in the army, he fell off a horse and had to go to the hospital for a month; on the 9th day of October, 1876, he lost an important lawsuit, which had changed the course of his life ever since. The Judge will have less respect for the 9th of October now than ever.—[Cincinnati News Journal.]

No matter how laden the constitution may be from disease or excess, the German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Mount Jefferson Davis is the highest peak in Nevada. Its altitude is 13,075 feet.

## Newspapers and Jurors.

It is time for the removal of the disqualification for jury service which comes from reading newspapers. The existence of newspapers proves a need for them, and it is difficult to find in any community twelve men of respectable intelligence who do not read some sort of newspaper. Not every man is competent to listen to the trial of a case and to decide upon a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence. Men who have not succeeded in some business or trade or profession are not often fit for jurors. Such men, to protect their business interests, must be in the possession of such information as only the newspapers can give. When every farmer were homespun, and was his own shoemaker, and when the business men in what are now leading cities were village merchants, a man might have succeeded without knowing more of the world's progress than came under his own eyes. The newspaper which brought him an inkling of foreign news was a luxury, not a necessity.

Of course it was the local newspaper against which the disqualification above referred to was aimed, and the intention was to secure for jurymen citizens uninformed in regard to the case to be tried. This is possible no longer. So widespread has the circulation of newspapers become that even the few who do not read are informed by those who do read. A man is just as apt to have made up his mind on the merits of a case from hearsay as if he had read the newspaper accounts. Besides, so carefully are the details of most cases printed nowadays, with equal attention given to all sides of a story, that the newspaper reader is far less likely to be wrongly prejudiced than the man who has only heard a case talked of.

The professional juror is one of the results of excluding newspaper readers from the jury-box. Another result is the impugning of so many ignorant and incompetent men as to often make trial by jury a farce and to defeat every end of justice.—[Louisville Commercial.]

## The "Oil Spot" in the Gulf of Mexico.

The oil spot is situated about ten miles south of Sabine Pass, into which flows the Sabine River to the Gulf of Mexico, and it extends two miles along shore and seaward about three quarters of a mile.

There is nothing remarkable about its appearance during calm weather, but in a gale, when riled, it assumes a reddish hue, and is thick and muddy. The greatest depth where comparative quietude reigns while the elements are at war is twelve feet, so none but vessels of moderate draught can enter. I have, with very little effort from one of the ship's boats, pushed a little thirty feet at length down into the soft stratum.

A storm from the northeast, has a rake of from 300 to 700 miles across the Gulf of Mexico into this aquatic haven. During a gale the spot is wonderfully defined. Looking seaward the scene is grand. An acre of towering foam marks the abrupt dissolution of the lashing seas as they thunder toward the shore. This occurs in about three fathoms or eighteen feet of water, from which the storm driven craft, creaking and straining in every timber, emerges and suddenly finds herself reposing like a child rocked in its mother's arm, heaved in by a wall of wrath where the weary mariner can be lulled to rest by the roar of the winds.

I have frequently seen the decks of the vessel scrubbed with the mud from this spot. It is soapy and its cleansing properties remarkable. There are no streams in the localities emptying into the gulf, and the mud of the Sabine River to the northward contains none of the properties here found. If there is oil, it comes from the bottom surface. The place is termed the "oil spot," not from any known analysis of its nature, but simply from its condition, it has no troubled water. During three fourths of the year the neighborhood of the oil spot is the Olympus of the mosquito.—[New York World.]

"I believe I'll have to reduce your wages John," said a miserly Boston employer to one of his help the other day. "What for?" was the query. "Because things are coming down. The necessities of life are cheaper and you can afford to get along on smaller pay." "I should like to know what necessities of life are cheaper," said John; "beef is as high as ever, flour hasn't dropped a cent and coal is as dear as ever." "Well," said his employer, as he turned away, "at any rate, the price of postage stamps has been reduced one-third."

"A Nebraska widow with twenty-one children is advertising for a husband." There is great virtue in printer's ink; it has brought a fortune to men and women; but we don't believe a double-column advertisement, inserted next to reading matter every day for six months, would bring a husband to a widow with twenty-one children—unless the latter are kept in the background, or underground, or some where. We dislike to go back on advertising, but the line must be drawn some where.—[Norristown Herald.]

A druggist in Paris, convicted of adulterating sulphate of quinine, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment at hard labor and to pay a fine of 1,000 francs. His name and crime will be published in twelve political and twelve professional papers, and should he ever reopen his store, on the door will be affixed a sign, "Sentenced for adulterating sulphate of quinine." This is severe, but it is no more than just.

## Virginia Redeemed.

After a long and bitter struggle the people have won. The Boss has been rebuked, and the good name of Virginia has been redeemed.

The dark, weary night is past, and a glorious day dawns upon this old Commonwealth.

The rule of the ignorant misled by the vicious has been overthrown, and once more the honest men of Virginia guide her destiny.

Our men have fought, our women have prayed, and victory is ours.

Let us not grow idle in this time of our prosperity, but let us press forward, ever watchful of the enemy and ever ready to meet and vanquish him.

Let us make our victory doubly secure by the same persistent efforts that have just brought us success.

Now can we rejoice. For, thank God, Virginia is once more in the care of her true sons. Let the torches be lit, and the bonfires blaze, and the welkin ring with the huzzas of the people. It is a glorious victory!—[Richmond State.]

## Falcon on Barnes.

Falcon, the Lexington correspondent of the Cincinnati *New Journal* has been stuffing himself with Augustus Evans' novels or other unwholesome food, and filled two columns last Sunday with a violent *crustation* which in his delirium he imagined to be very choice literary viands. Falcon knows about as much of Krishna and Buddhism, of which he talks so learnedly, as a frog does about a side-pocket. He accuses Barnes of bringing back from India, "dis-jointed Buddhism which he could not himself grasp, grafted on to a conventional Christianity which he could not forget," and charges him with breaking hearts, disrupting families and crowding the lunatic asylums with victims. Wherever Brother Barnes may have procured his unique theology, and however much harm he may have done, Falcon has no foundation for these rash statements. Falcon has all the vices with none of the redeeming features of Gath.—[Woodford Sun.]

A Chicago man argues that the general idea of large profits by druggists is founded on ignorance and error. Business, owing to the large number of stores, is much cut up. The charge for a prescription may be large in proportion to cost for labor and ingredients. But in counting up profits allowance must be made for store rent, clerk hire, fuel, gas, taxes, value of capital invested (much of it idle), bad debts, gratuitous prescriptions, deterioration in sensitive drugs, and other matters. Few druggists become rich. They may sell for half a dollar what costs them but a dime, but physicians sell for two dollars what costs them but the shadow of a cent, and lawyers sell for twenty-five dollars what costs them nothing.

Mr. J. R. Hollis, of Duffau, Erath County, Tex., lost both arms several years ago in a molasses-mill. There is a stub protruding from each shoulder about eight inches in length. By placing a pen between his right stub and chin he can write better than the average business man. He can handle a pistol in a lively way, and needs no assistance in putting on or off his clothes. To suit his convenience he wears high top boots, so that he can lean over and catch the straps between his teeth. He thus pulls his boots on without any visible exertion. He says he can do anything that an ordinary man can, and, judging from what we saw him accomplish, we do not doubt it.—[Morgan Argonaut.]

A SPANKING TEAM.—Johnny and Tommy were playing out in a street where there was much fast driving, and where they had been forbidden to go.

"Hello," said Johnny, "there comes a spanking team."

"Where?" replied Tommy.

"Right across the street there; it's your mother and mine, and we'd better cut sticks and get out of this," which they did, with their mothers after them.

The cry of a "solid South," set up by the republicans, will be of no avail in the Presidential contest. There ought to be not only a solid South, but a solid North, in favor of turning the corrupt republican party out of power.—[New York Sun.]

Bill Hobbs, a house-trader of Georgia, gave \$20 for an old mare, swapped her twenty-three times in six weeks, and made \$114 and a pair of good horses on his \$20 investment.

Noble Clark, Louisville, Ky., says (w bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters restored his constitution, which was depleted from overwork.

## Thousands Say So.

Mr. E. W. Atkins, Girard, Kansas, writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers; they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver Complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars to doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50c a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

## A Life Saving Present.

Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan., saved his life by a simple Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery. For Consumption, which caused him to procure a large bottle, that completely cured him when doctors, change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs and all Throat and Lung diseases, it is guaranteed to cure. Trial Bottles free, large size \$1 at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store.

REPLYING to our article in regard to the decision of the Superior Court, the Richmond *Herald* says: As to the ability of the Superior Court Judges, we rather think his companion, or contrast, an unfortunate one for the Court of Appeals. Although possessed of giant intellect, the late Chief Justice Roberson rendered some of the most ridiculous decisions that have ever emanated from the appellate bench. In two well-known cases he decided in substance that when a man's life was threatened by another and the threats communicated, the person thus threatened had the right to hunt up his adversary and shoot him on sight. Such a decision completely upturned the foundation of criminal jurisprudence of the State, and the Court of Appeals has since modified it. Judge Roberson's hobby was "moral insanity," and he held to the opinion in effect that drunkenness was excuse for crime. A more vicious ruling from the highest State Court could not be conceived. If our friend Walton will examine his law library a little more critically he will, we are satisfied, further modify his criticisms of the Superior Court.

We merely said Roberson because we happened to think of him. Any single one of them would do for the comparison.

A book which has for its title "How to Act," says: There are many opinions as to what constitutes a perfect gentleman, but all authorities unite in saying that the man who blows his nose with his fingers is not a gentleman." Now the question arises, how must a man blow his nose? He can't blow it with his feet.

There is no one article in the line of medicine that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

THE SUN  
NEW YORK, 1884.

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past 12 months.

We were to print and to end all the columns of all THE SUN printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense wisdom, sound doctrine and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this strip of intelligence would girdle the globe 27 or 28 times.

Every buyer of THE SUN during the last year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

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THE SUN is and will continue to be a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences which give at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which represent the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its might for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

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Salemen: T. M. Johnston, W. B. McKinney.

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